

Avast! Colonel Nigel Fabbersham here with an extraordinary humoro-
logical update! While continuing my phenomenal dig at the former home of
MAD, I found myself in a particularly dank and musty chamber!

Reaching out, I felt a slimy, oozing vis-
cous mass! It was my lunch of haggis
and calf's foot jelly! But right next to it
was the long-lost manuscript of
MAD For Better or Verse,
penned by **Frank Jacobs**
and illustrated by **Paul Coker!**

This splendid example
of rhyming insanity has
never before appeared
in MAD Magazine and
will look marvelous
mounted over my
mantel back home in
Devonshire! But first,
I'm sharing it with you!
In the meantime, I'll
try to determine where
I can acquire a mantel!

**So,
tally-ho
and pip
pip!
Let's get
on with
the
bloody
thing!**

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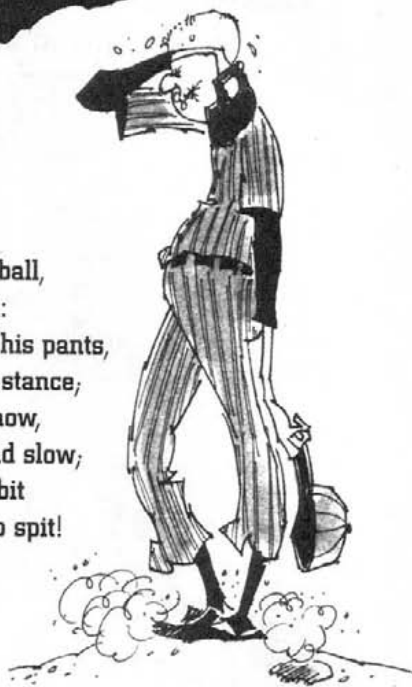
The Last Pages Designer:
Rose L. Hunter





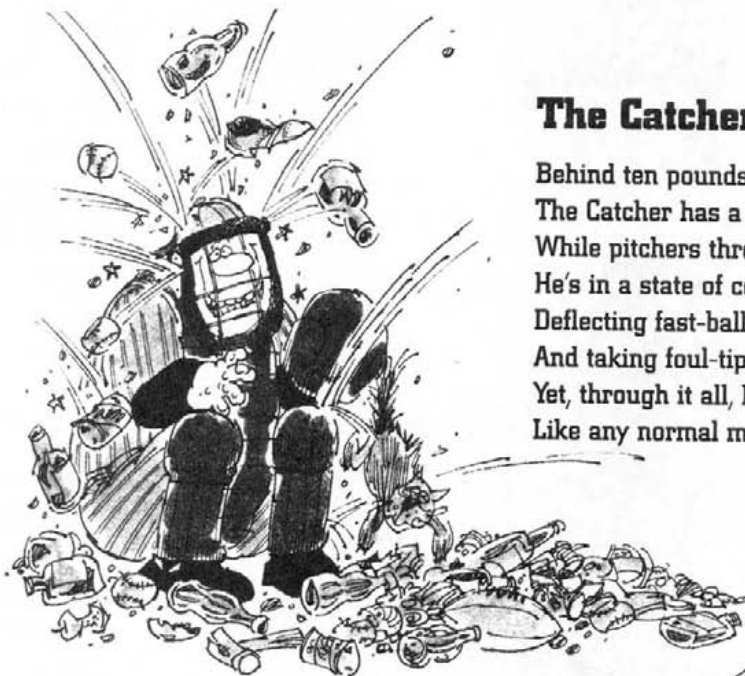
The Pitcher

Before the Pitcher hurls the ball,
He goes into an endless stall:
He wipes his brow, hikes up his pants,
Reties his shoes, adjusts his stance;
It's really not his aim, you know,
To make the game so dull and slow;
It's just without each boring bit
He'd lack the time to work up spit!



The Catcher

Behind ten pounds of pads and mask,
The Catcher has a thankless task;
While pitchers throw and batters swat,
He's in a state of constant squat,
Deflecting fast-balls with his ear
And taking foul-tips on the rear;
Yet, through it all, he'll still persist
Like any normal masochist!



The First Baseman

The man at First is just a hulk
Of beefy, burly, brawny bulk;
His only job, the graceless lout,
Is catching balls to put men out;
He isn't fast; he isn't quick;
But no one seems to care a lick;
For, after all, who thinks of style
When he hits balls a country mile!



The Second Baseman

In courage and raw guts supreme,
The Second Baseman leads the team;
As middleman for double plays,
He throws to First, then gulps and prays
That somehow he will save his skin
From spikes and runner crashing in;
Can he avoid this dreadful fate?
Just see him jump—tch, tch—too late!



The Shortstop

We marvel at the Shortstop's art;
Just see him swerve and lunge and dart!
Of course, to some, it makes no sense
Because the ball just cleared the fence,
But in the field the Shortstop knows
That he must put on fancy shows;
How else can he make you and me
Forget he's batting .203?

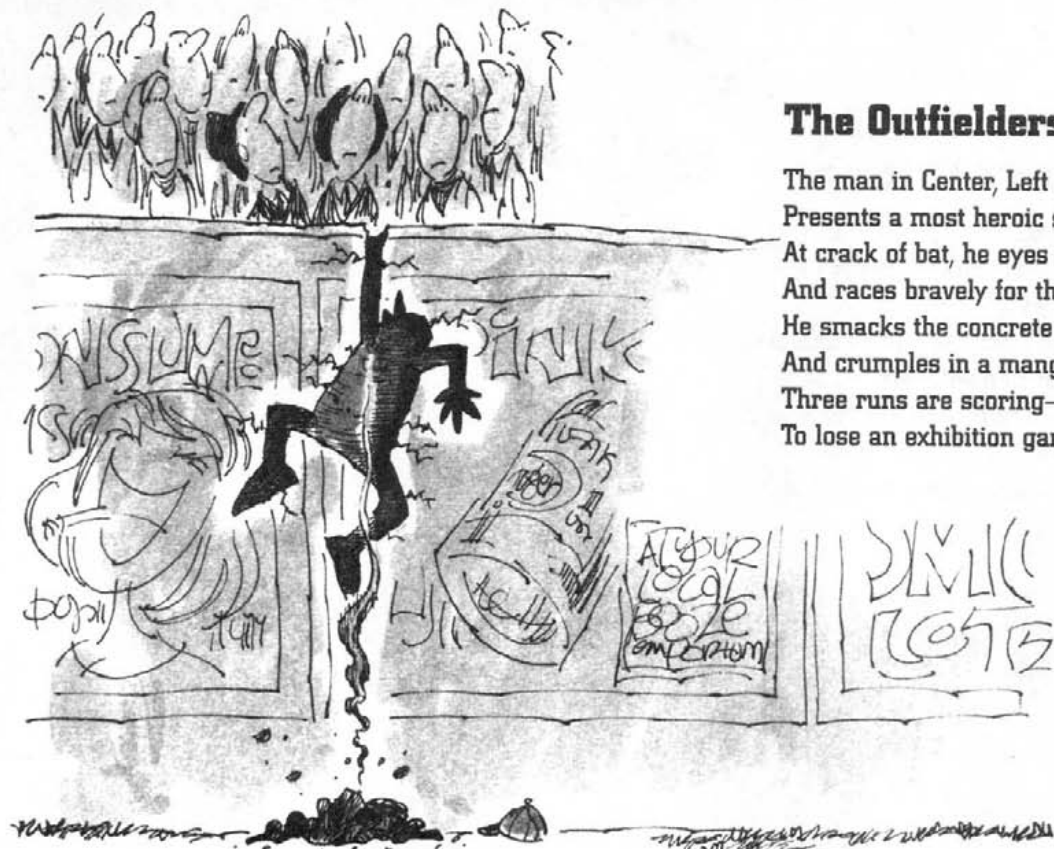
The Third Baseman

Although he's sprawled out in the dirt,
The man at Third has not been hurt;
He's simply goofed another try
To stab a grounder bounding by;
He's now a mess, to his regret,
Of caked-in dust and grime and sweat;
He's lost the game; now (phew!) let's hope
He hasn't lost his Dial soap!



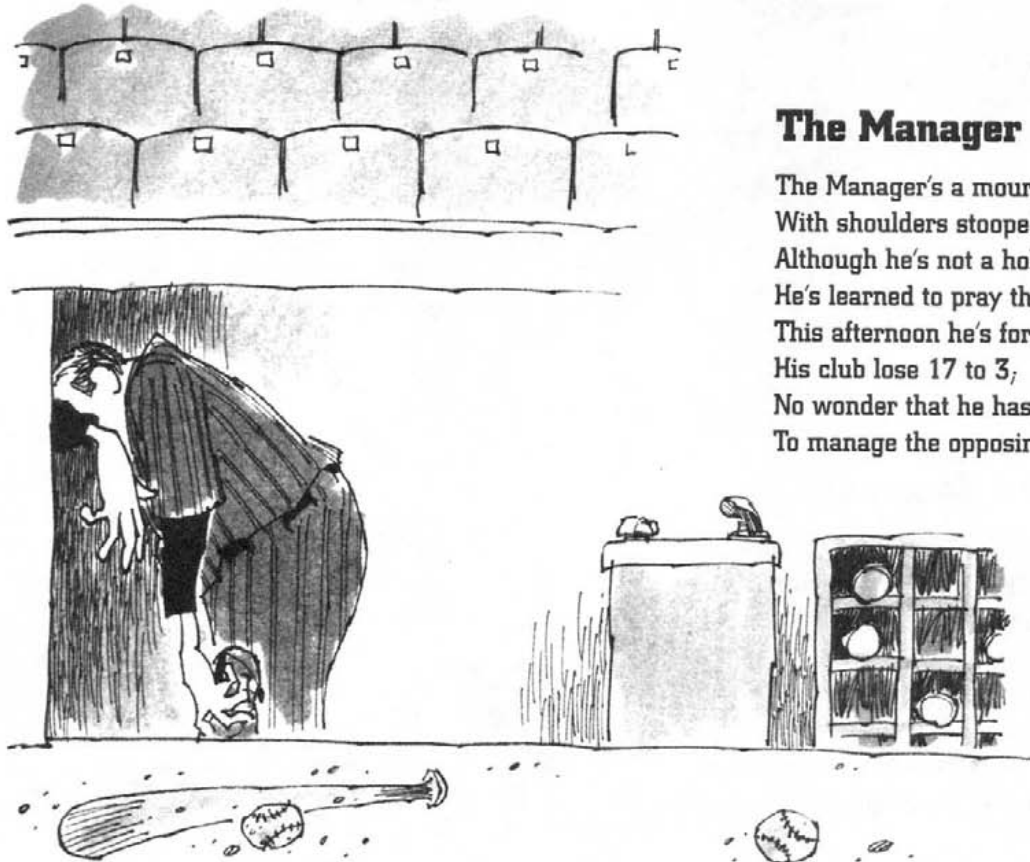
The Outfielders

The man in Center, Left or Right
Presents a most heroic sight;
At crack of bat, he eyes the ball
And races bravely for the wall,
He smacks the concrete with his leap
And crumples in a mangled heap,
Three runs are scoring—what a shame
To lose an exhibition game!



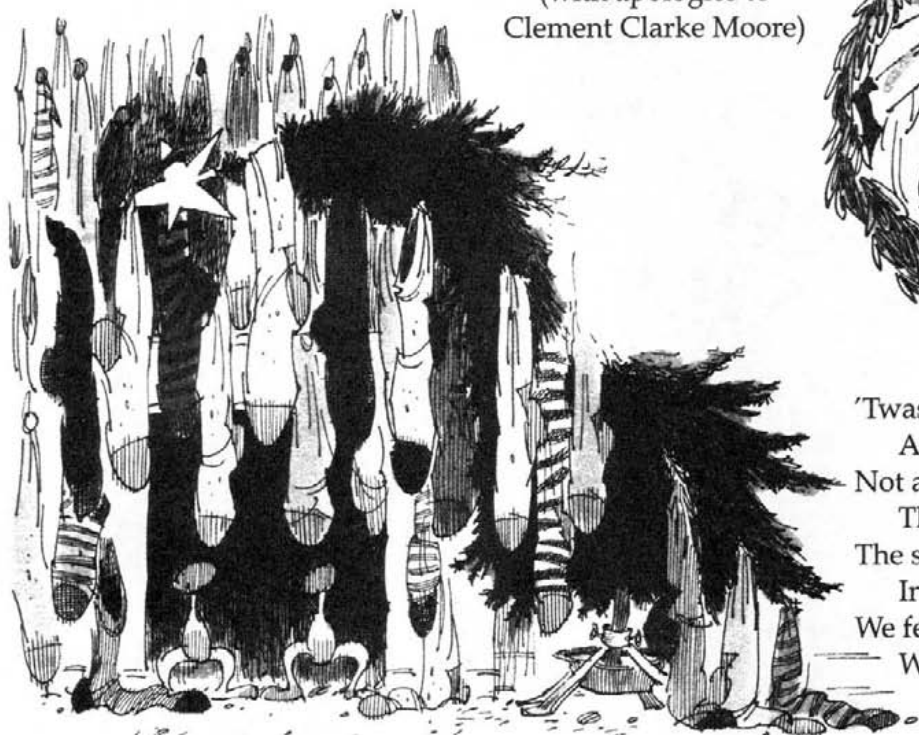
The Manager

The Manager's a mournful gent
With shoulders stooped and body bent,
Although he's not a holy man,
He's learned to pray the best he can;
This afternoon he's forced to see
His club lose 17 to 3,
No wonder that he has one dream—
To manage the opposing team!

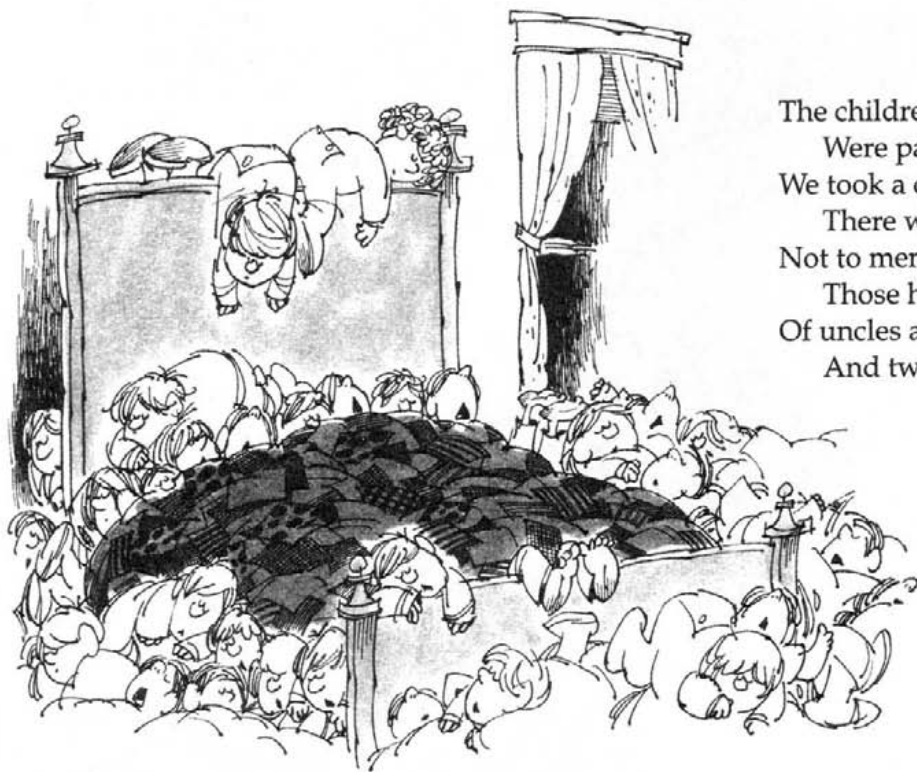


The Night Before Christmas, 1999 or St. Nicholas Meets The Population Explosion

(with apologies to
Clement Clarke Moore)

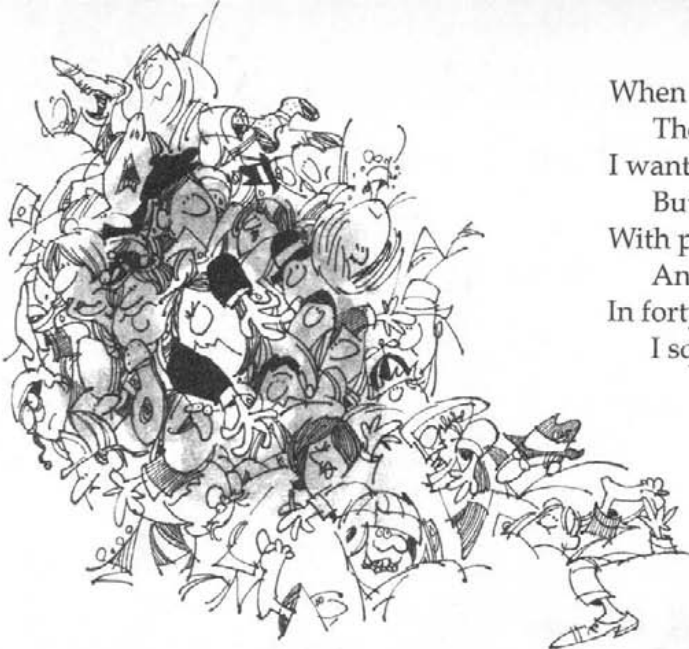


'Twas the night before Christmas,
And all through the gloom
Not a creature was stirring;
There just wasn't room;
The stockings were hanging
In numbers so great,
We feared that the walls
Would collapse from the weight!



The children like cattle
Were packed off to bed;
We took a quick count;
There were three-hundred head;
Not to mention the grown-ups —
Those hundreds of dozens
Of uncles and inlaws
And twice-removed cousins!

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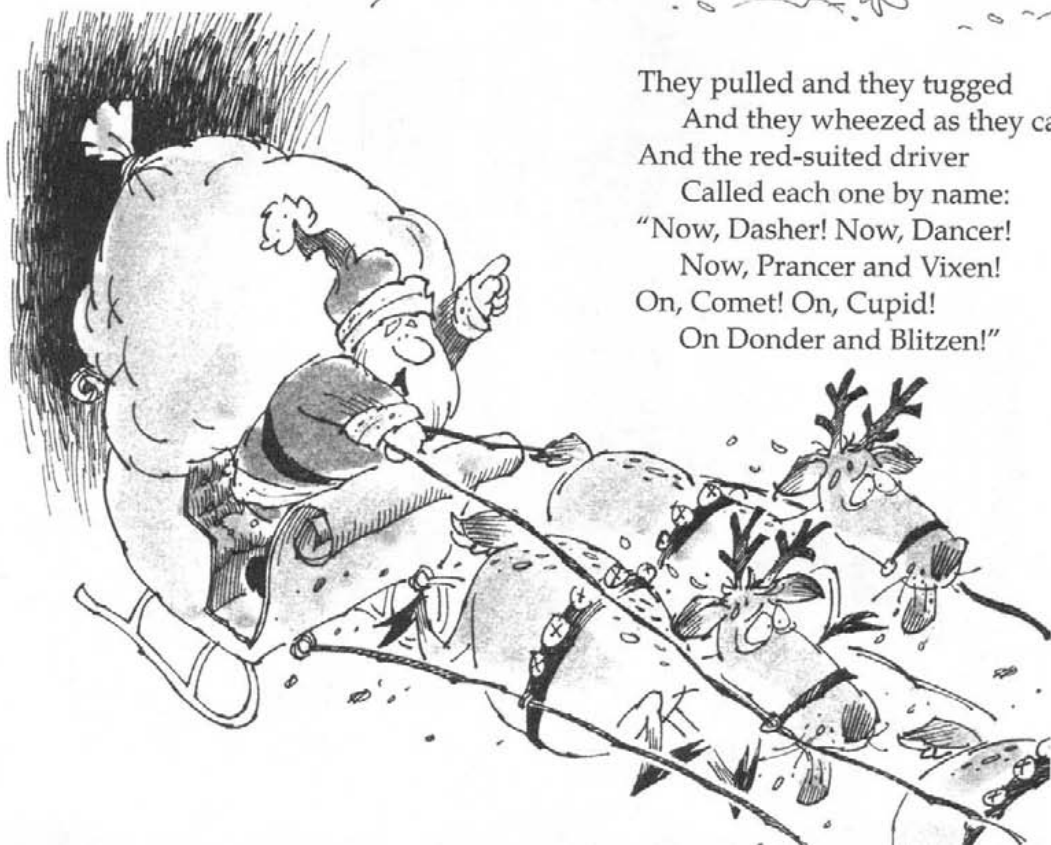


When outside the house
 There arose such a din!
 I wanted to look
 But the mob held me in;
 With pushing and shoving
 And cursing out loud,
 In forty-five minutes
 I squeezed through the crowd!

Outside on the lawn
 I could see a fresh snow
 Had covered the people
 Asleep down below;
 And up in the sky
 What should strangely appear
 But an overweight sleigh
 Pulled by countless reindeer!



They pulled and they tugged
 And they wheezed as they came,
 And the red-suited driver
 Called each one by name:
 "Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer!
 Now, Prancer and Vixen!
 On, Comet! On, Cupid!
 On Donner and Blitzen!"



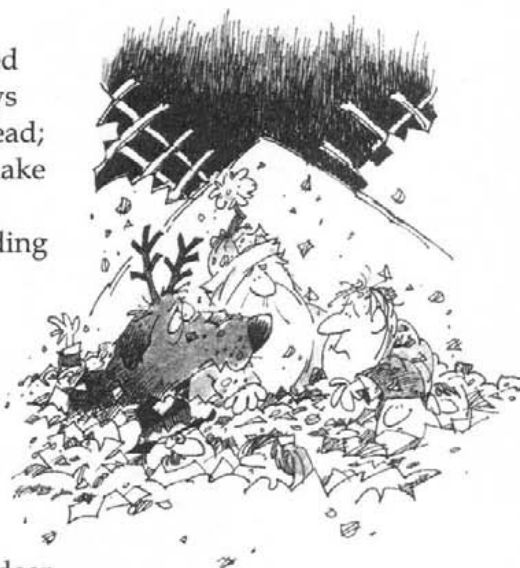


"Now, Melvin! Now, Marvin!
Now, Albert and Jasper!
On, Sidney! On, Seymour!
On Harvey and Casper!
Now, Clifford! Now, Max" —
But he stopped,
far from through;
Our welcoming house-top
Was coming in view!

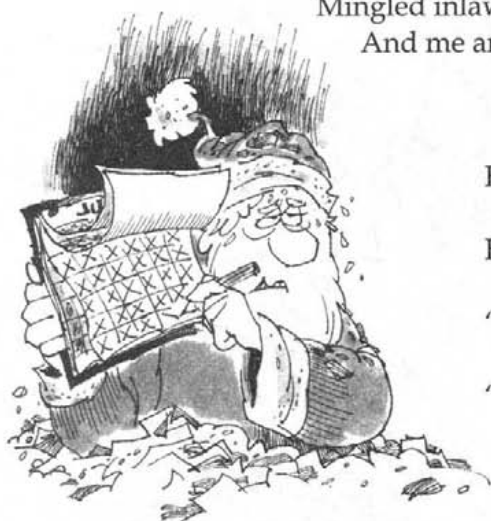


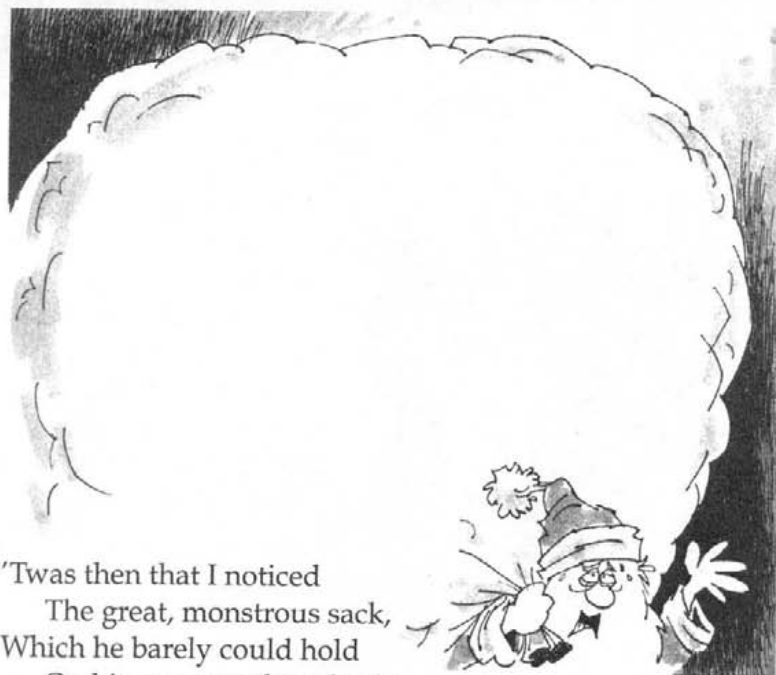
Direct to our house-top
The reindeer then sped
With the sleigh full of toys
And St. Nick at the head;
And then like an earthquake
I heard on the roof
The clomping and pounding
Of each noisy hoof!

Before I could holler
A warning of doom,
The whole aggregation
Fell into the room;
And under a mountain
Of plaster and brick
Mingled inlaws and reindeer
And me and St. Nick;



He panted and sighed
Like a man who was weary;
His shoulders were stooped
And his outlook was dreary:
"I'm way behind schedule,"
He said with a sigh,
"And I've been on the road
Since the first of July!"

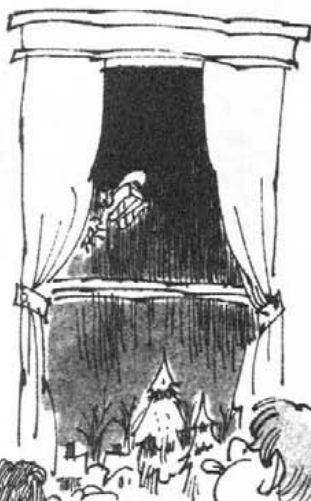




'Twas then that I noticed
The great, monstrous sack,
Which he barely could hold
On his poor, creaking back;
"Confound it!" he moaned,
"Though my bag's full of toys,
I'm engulfed by the birthrate
Of new girls and boys!"



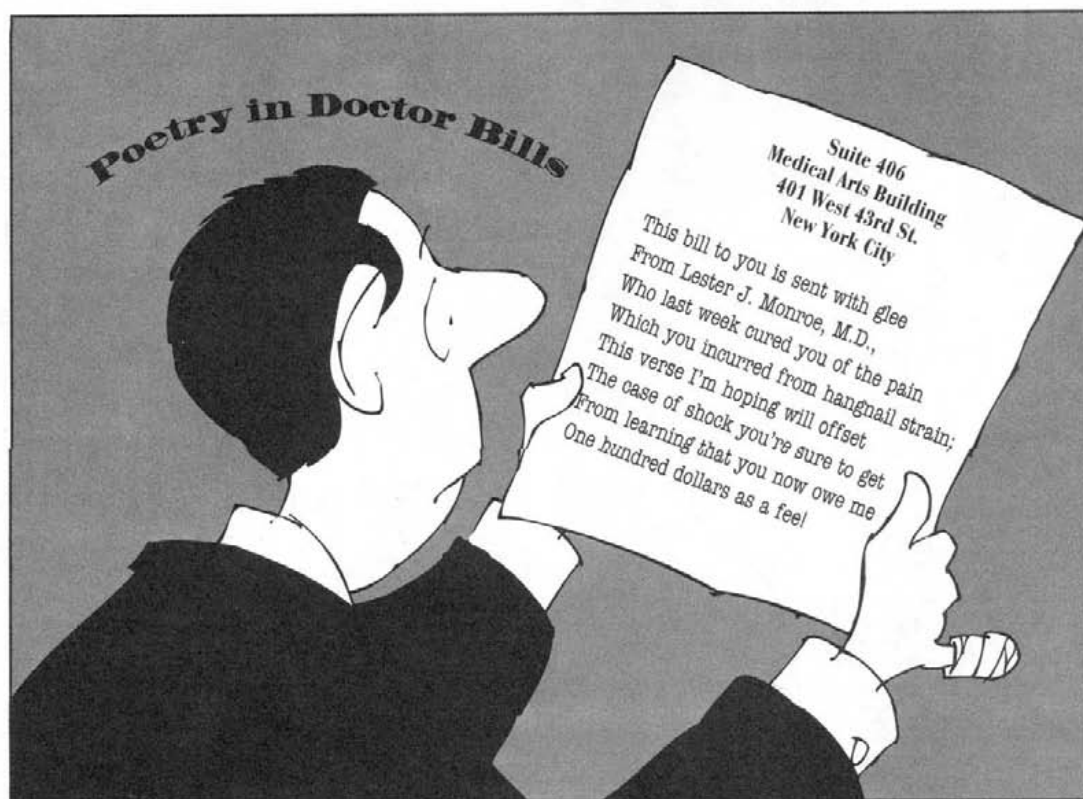
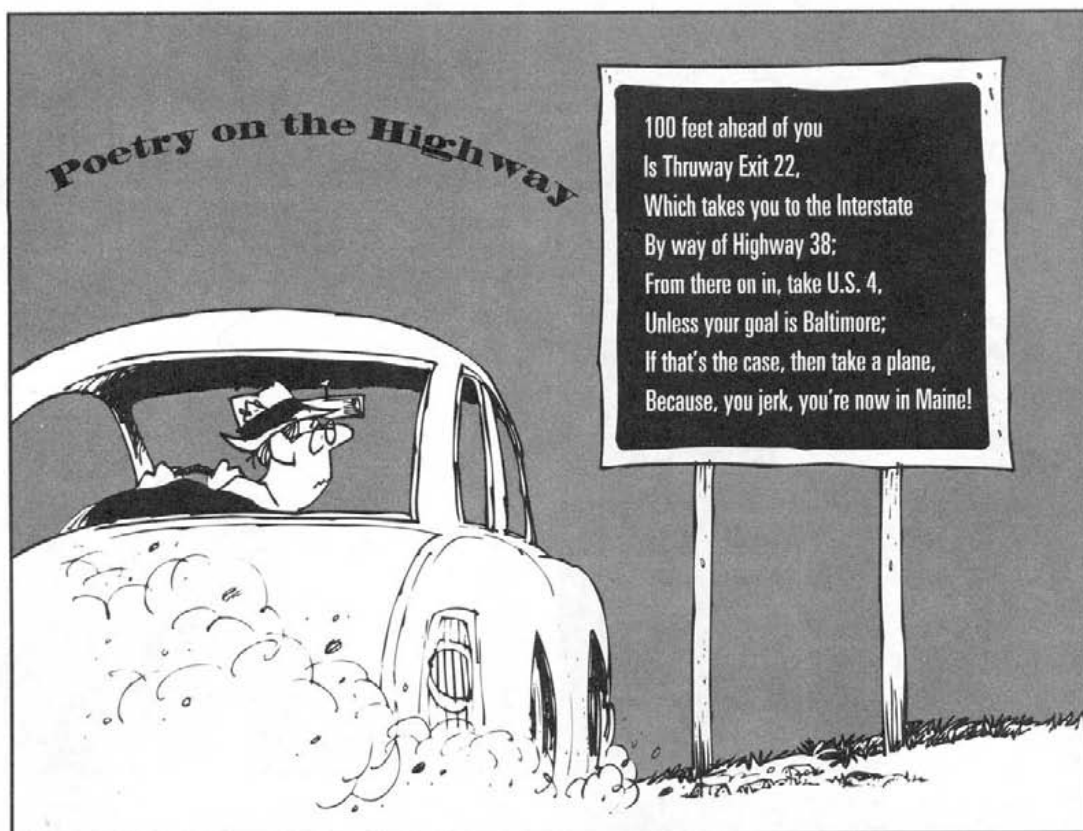
Then, filling the stockings,
He shook his sad face,
"This job is a killer!
I can't take the pace!
This cluttered old world
Is beyond my control!
There even are millions
Up at the North Pole!"



"Now I'm late!" he exclaimed, "And I really must hurry!
By now I should be over Joplin, Missouri!"
But he managed to sigh as he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight!"



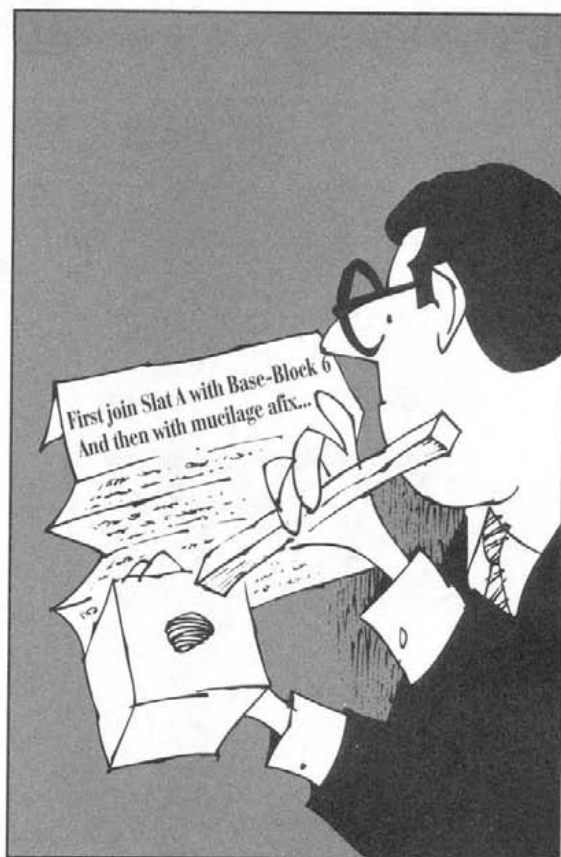
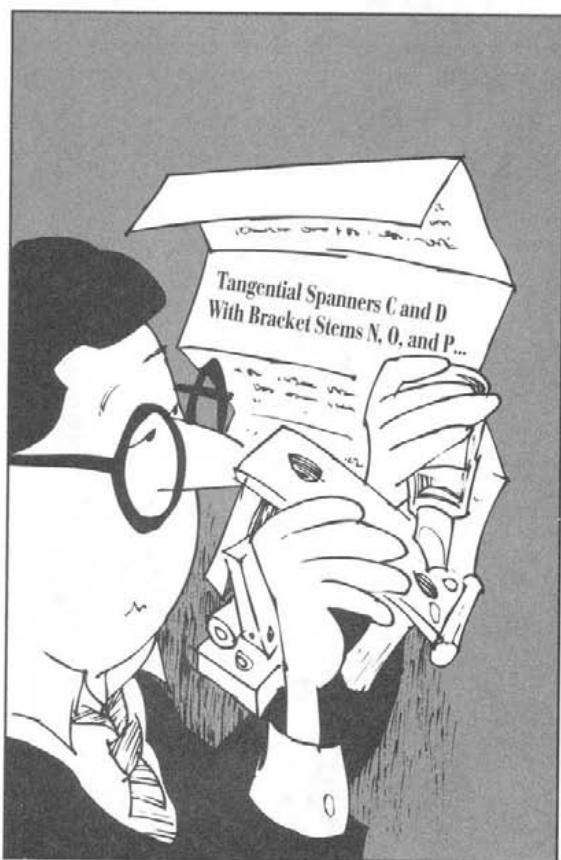
Poetry in Everyday Life



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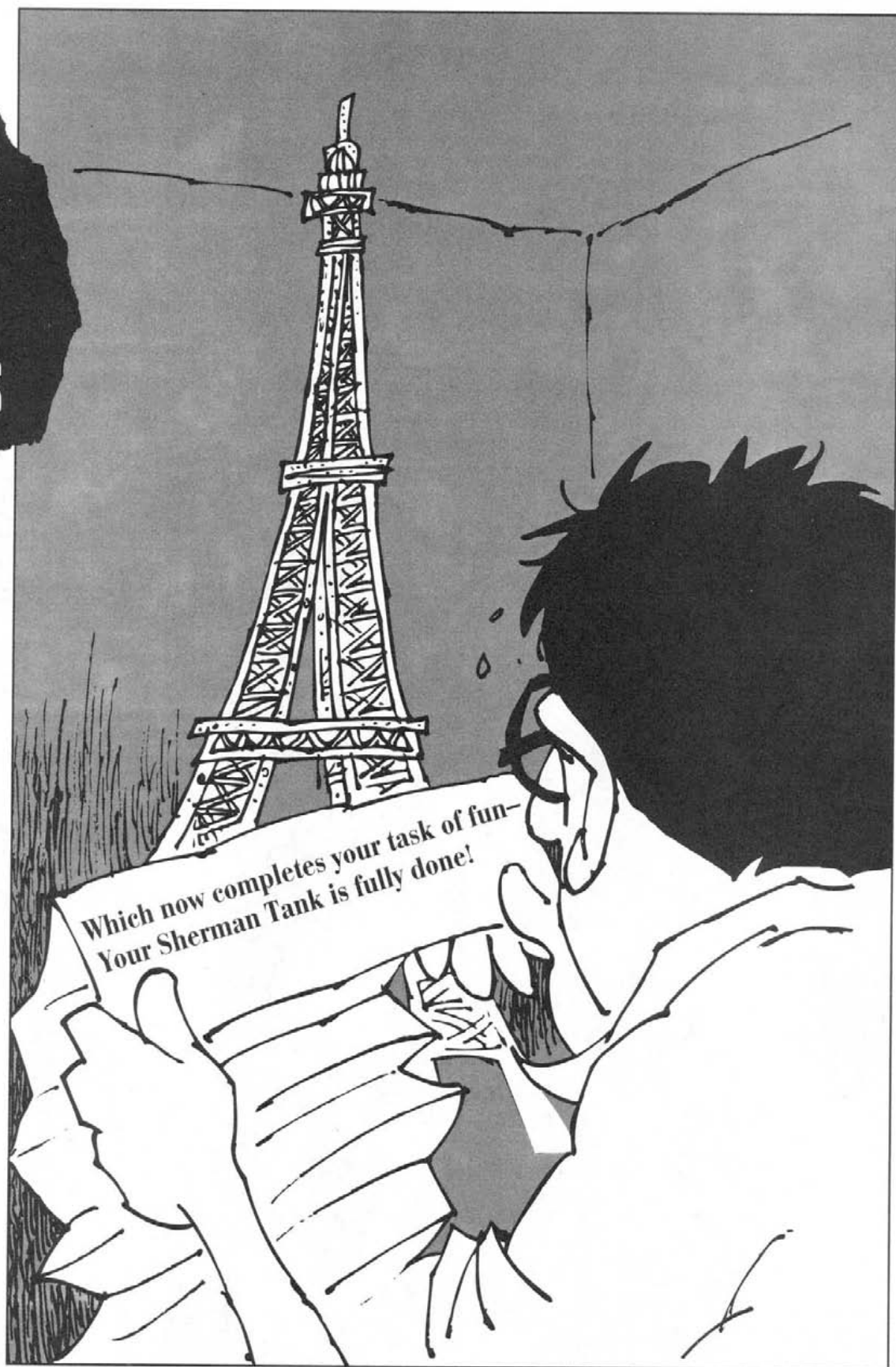
Poetry in Model Kit Building

This step-by-step instruction sheet
Will make your job an easy feat!





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If FAMOUS POETS HAD DIFFERENT OCCUPATIONS

If
RUDYARD KIPLING
were a Cookbook Editor

You can talk of beef and spuds,
When you're frocked in fancy duds,
A'sittin' there as cozy as you please;
But when some heathen demon
In your stomach starts
a'screamin',
Then you'll sell your
bloomin' soul for
Buttered Peas.



First you shell 'em to the man,
Then you dump 'em in a pan,
And boil 'em till the bugler calls a halt;
Next remove 'em neat and clean,
While you shout, "God Save the Queen!"
And then serve 'em with some butter and some salt!



For it's Peas, Peas, Peas!
They're enough to bring a blighter to his knees!
I'll give up those flying fishes
Long as I've big, heaping dishes
Of those succulent, delicious
Buttered Peas!



For it's Peas, Peas, Peas!
There's no finer food in all the seven seas!
It's for you I give my pay for;
Walk the road to Mandalay for;
To the God above I pray for
Buttered Peas!



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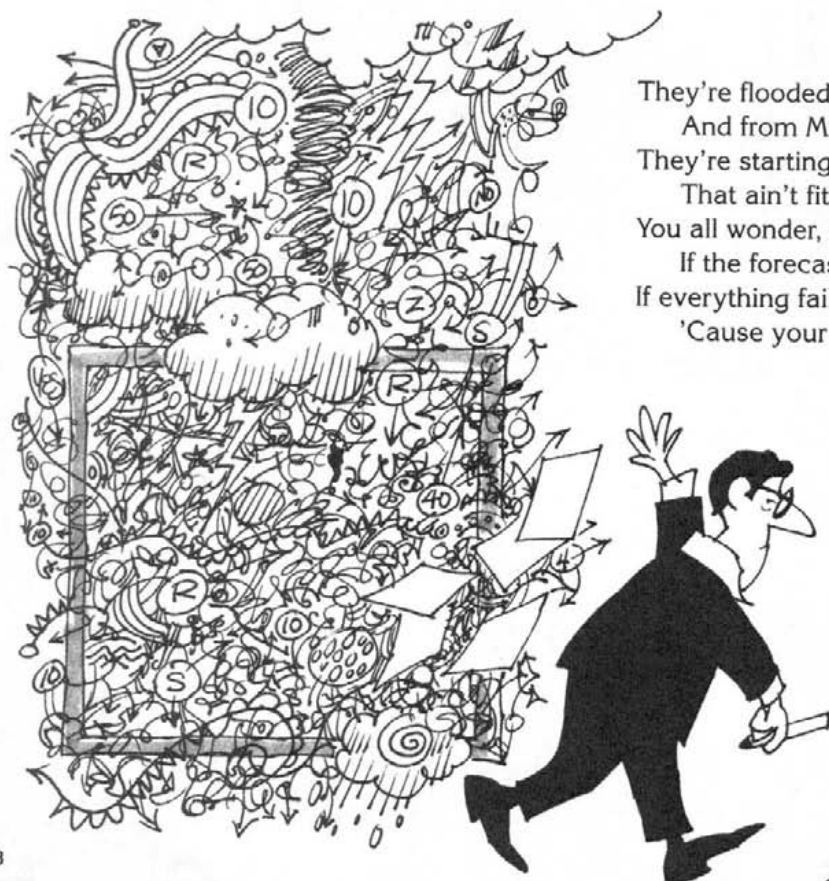


If
**ROBERT W.
SERVICE**
wrote the
*Weather
Report*



A mass of cool air is churning it up
Down the whole Atlantic coast,
And out in the West it's so dog-dirty hot
That it's making a rattlesnake roast;
In Ohio some snow is beginning to blow
And they're due for a blizzard or two;
And up in the skies, folks are peeling their eyes
For the Hurricane known as Sue!

In north Idaho nights are 50 below
From a cold front up Canada way;
And that low-pressure mass that had started to pass
Just keeps hanging around day to day;
They're choking from dust from a high-pressure gust
That keeps blowing from Texas right through;
And from here to Moline folks are looking real keen
For that Hurricane known as Sue!



They're flooded from rains on the Great Western Plains,
And from Michigan on the East,
They're starting to freeze from a cold, icy breeze
That ain't fit for a man or a beast;
You all wonder, I guess, from this weatherman's mess,
If the forecast's for rain or for shine —
If everything fails, flip a coin heads or tails,
'Cause your guess is no better than mine!

If
EUGENE FIELD
Sold Fresh Fish

Herring, Salmon, and Cod are out,
So better take something else —
Why not Flounder or Rainbow Trout?
Or maybe a dozen Smelts?
Mackerel's tasty and, if you wish,
My Haddock I'll guarantee;
I'll sell you almost any fish
That comes from the beautiful sea;
But kindly don't be asking me
For Herring,
Salmon,
Or Cod!



I've Whitefish and Bluefish, Swordfish and Pike;
My Fluke is a steal for the price;
Red Snapper's delicious, or maybe you'd like
A Bass that's especially nice;
Sturgeon is making an elegant dish;
My Mullets are fine as can be;
I'll part with almost any fish
That comes from the beautiful sea;
But kindly don't be asking me
For Herring,
Salmon,
Or Cod!



I've Catfish and Dogfish, Minnows and Eels;
Perchance you are craving some Squid?
A Marlin will give you a dozen good meals —
I'll throw in a pot and a lid;
As soon as you're telling me what you wish
I'll wrap it in paper for free;
I'll let you have most any fish
That comes from the beautiful sea;
But kindly don't be asking me
For Herring,
Salmon,
Or Cod!



If **LEWIS CARROLL** were a Hollywood Press Agent In the Thirties



'Twas Bogart and the Franchot Tones
Did Greer and Garson in the Wayne;
All Muni were the Lewis Stones,
And Rooneyed with John Payne!

"Beware the deadly Rathbone, son!
Don't Dumbrille with the Carradine!
Beware that you the Greenstreet shun!
And also Bobby Breen!"

He took his Oakie firm in hand:
Long time the Bracken foe to seek —
He stopped to pray at Turhan Bey,
And murmured, "Donald Meek."

And like a Lorre Brent with hoods,
The deadly Rathbone, eyes Astaire,
Came Rafting through the Donald Woods,
And Karloffed everywhere!

Sabu! Sabu! And Richard Loo!
The Oakie gave a Hardwicke smack!
He seized its Flynn, and with a Quinn,
He went Fontaining back!

"And didst thou Duff the Rathbone, Ladd?
Come Grable in the Eddy, boy!
O Alice Faye! O Joel McCrea!"
He Cagneyed in his Loy.

'Twas Bogart and the Francot Tones
Did Greer and Garson in the Wayne;
All Muni were the Lewis Stones,
And Rooneyed with John Payne!



IF

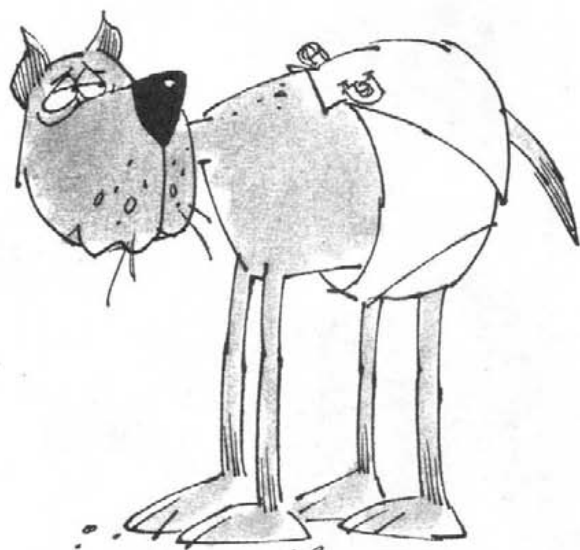
(with apologies to
Rudyard Kipling)



IF you can change a tire on the thruway,
While stranded in the busy center lane;



IF you can find a foolproof, tried-and-true way
To housebreak an impossible Great Dane;

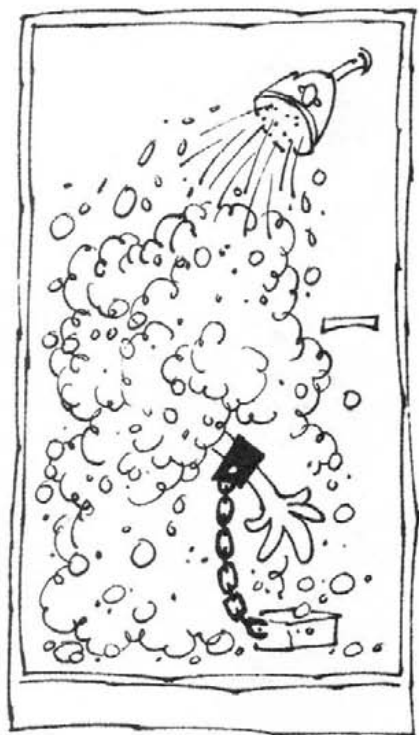


IF you can find another way to open
A sardine tin when you have lost the key;



MAD: THE LOST PAGES

IF you can find a humbled bar of soap in
Your shower when the suds won't let you see;



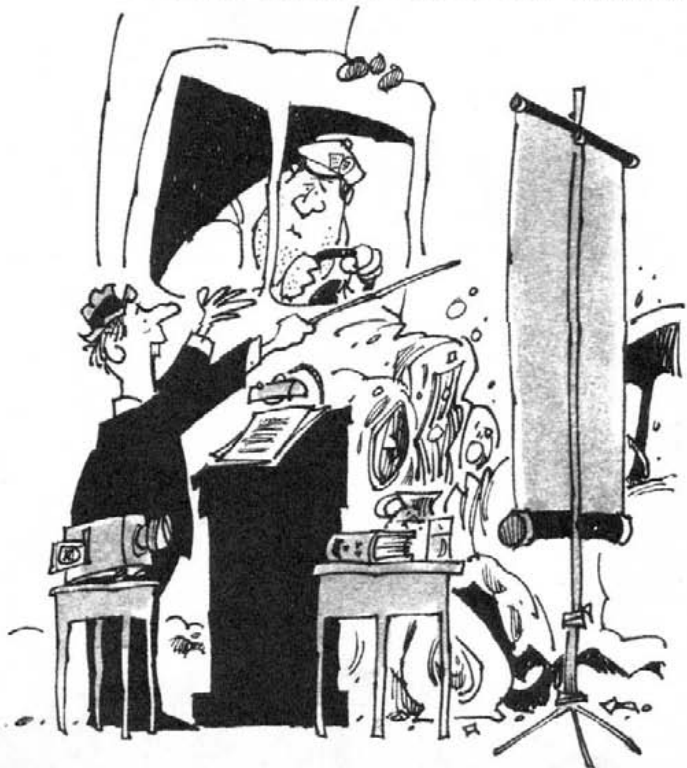
IF you can buck a mob of lady shoppers
And get outside without a scratch or bite;



IF you can get a dentist for your choppers
To fix a toothache on a Sunday night;



IF you can smack a truck with your jalopy
And make the driver think he was to blame;



MAD: THE LOST PAGES



IF you can be a loafer, poor and sloppy,
Yet have the world think you're some
famous name;



IF you can rid your house of dull relations
By faking mumps or plague or Asian flu;



IF you can go through tax investigations
And somehow wind up with them owing you;



IF you can read these verses as we list'em
And answer "Yes" to each and every one;
Then, Charlie, you have really licked the system—
And now we wish you'd tell us how it's done!

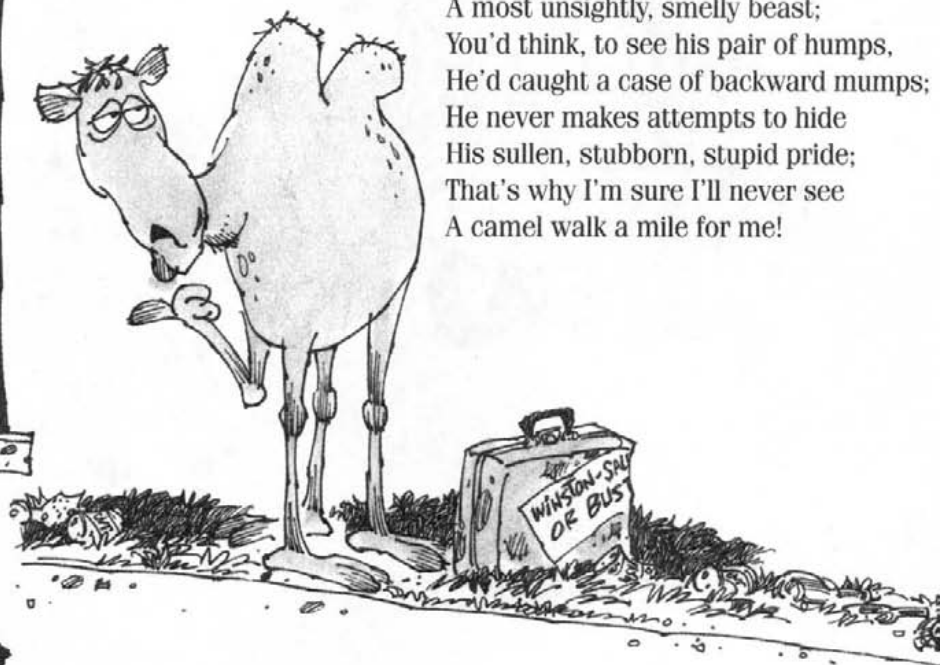
THE MAD ZOO



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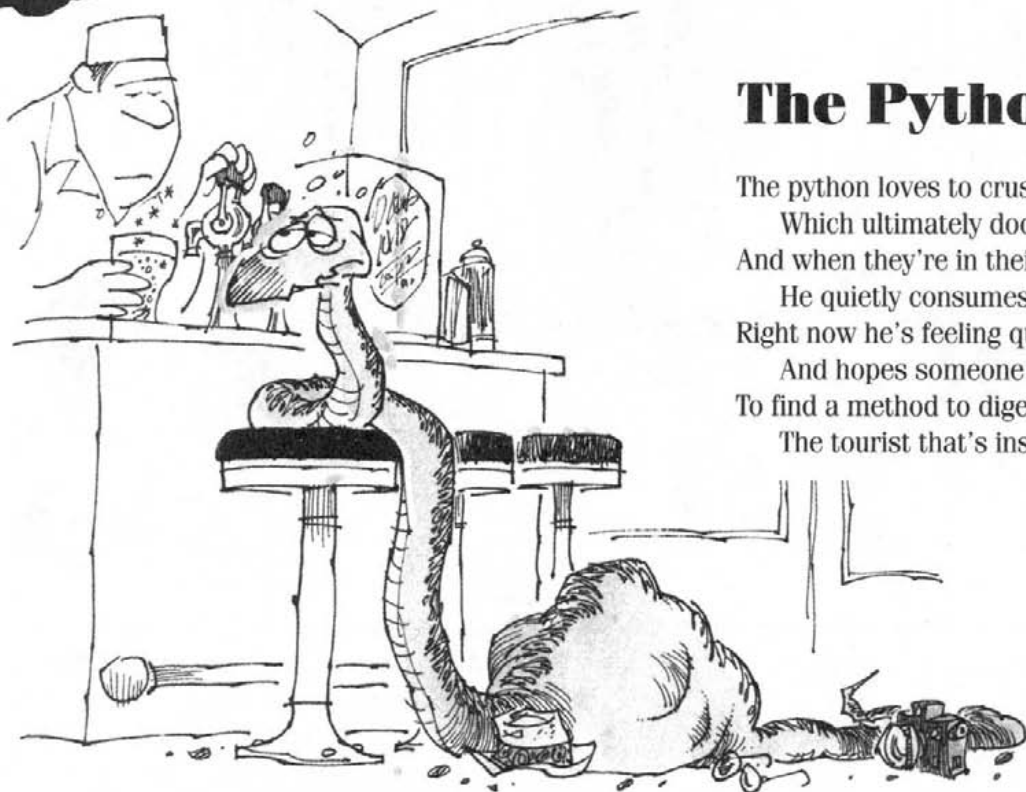
The Camel

The camel is, to say the least,
A most unsightly, smelly beast;
You'd think, to see his pair of humps,
He'd caught a case of backward mumps;
He never makes attempts to hide
His sullen, stubborn, stupid pride;
That's why I'm sure I'll never see
A camel walk a mile for me!



The Python

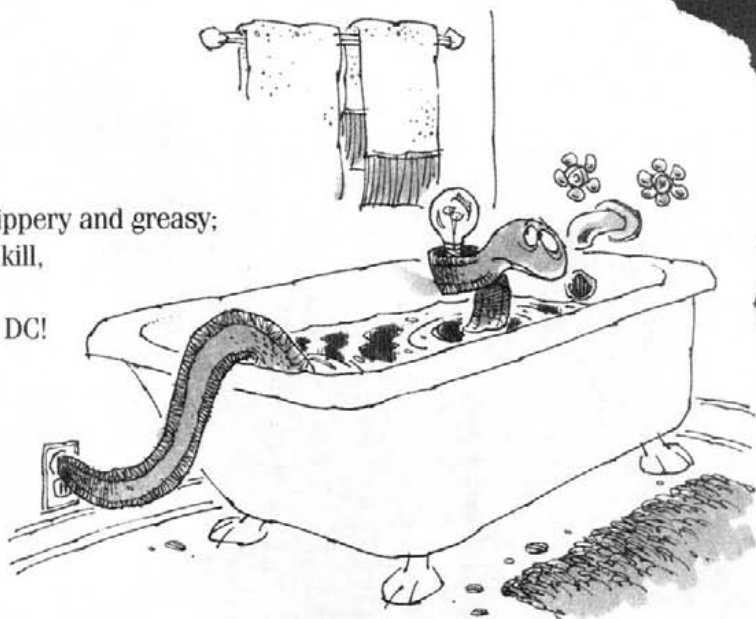
The python loves to crush his foes,
Which ultimately dooms them;
And when they're in their final throes
He quietly consumes them;
Right now he's feeling quite depressed
And hopes someone will guide him
To find a method to digest
The tourist that's inside him!



The Eel

The eel's a power-plant of volts
That shoots electrifying jolts

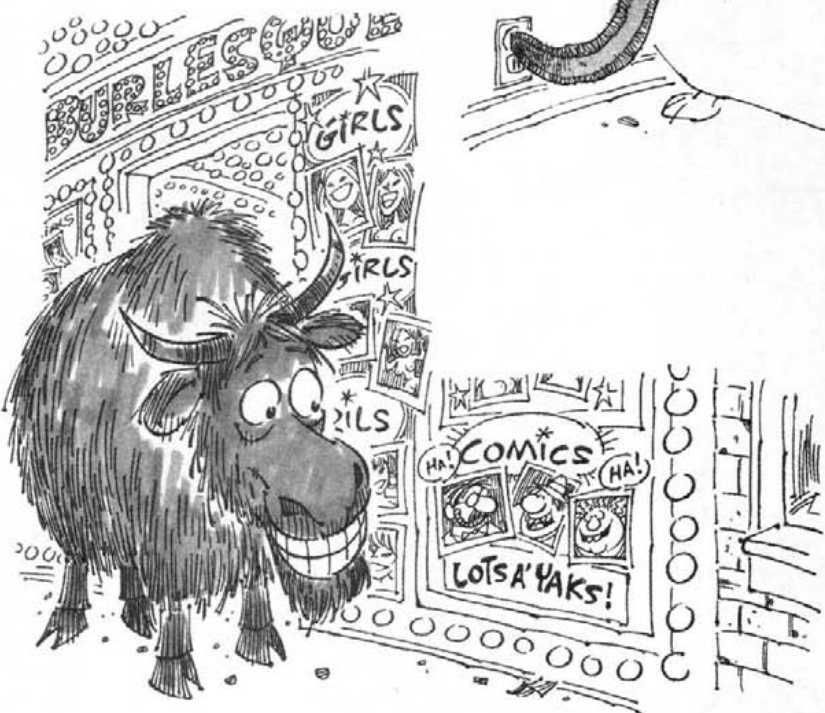
Right through his frame, so slippery and greasy;
But though he's all charged up to kill,
The eel will not feel right until
He finds out if he's AC or he's DC!



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The Yak

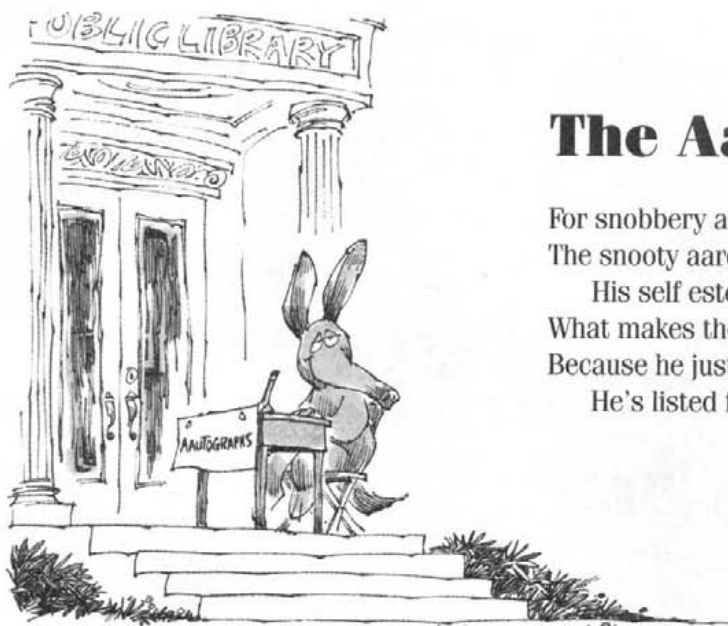
The yak sits like a mammoth mop,
A shaggy apparition;
He won't go near a barber shop
And runs from the beautician;
He bellows with a dreadful roar
But, still, he won't attack us;
He's much too busy looking for
A young, seductive yakess!



The Tiger

The tiger is, we must assume,
A very hungry feline;
He is, therefore, a beast for whom
We shouldn't make a beeline;
But should you wander near his pad,
Remember this, my precious,
Unlike that Coca Cola ad,
His paws do not refresh us!



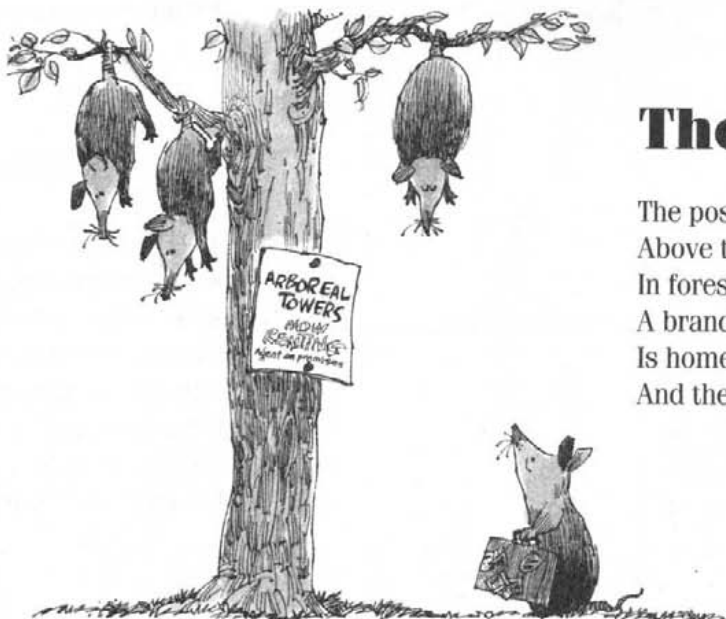
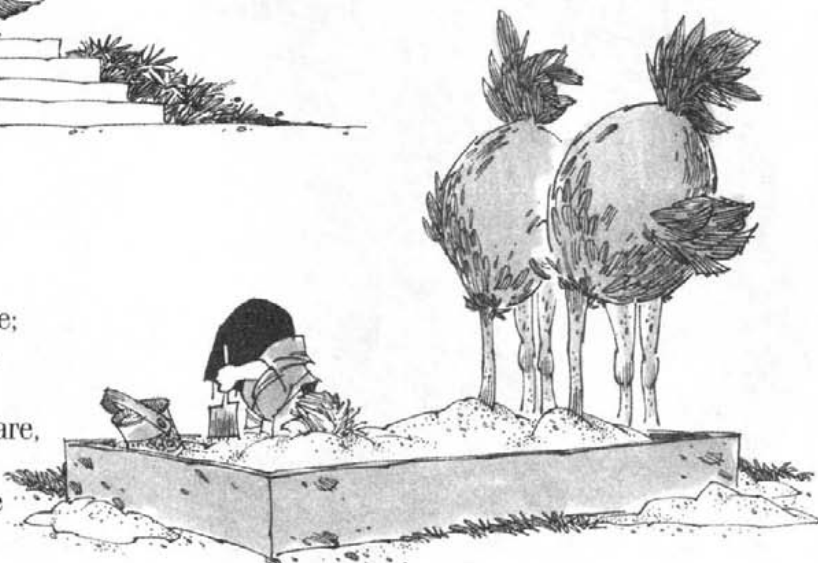


The Aardvark

For snobbery and sheer conceit
 The snooty aardvark can't be beat;
 His self esteem is absolutely tedious;
 What makes the aardvark act this way?
 Because he just found out today
 He's listed first in our encyclopedias!

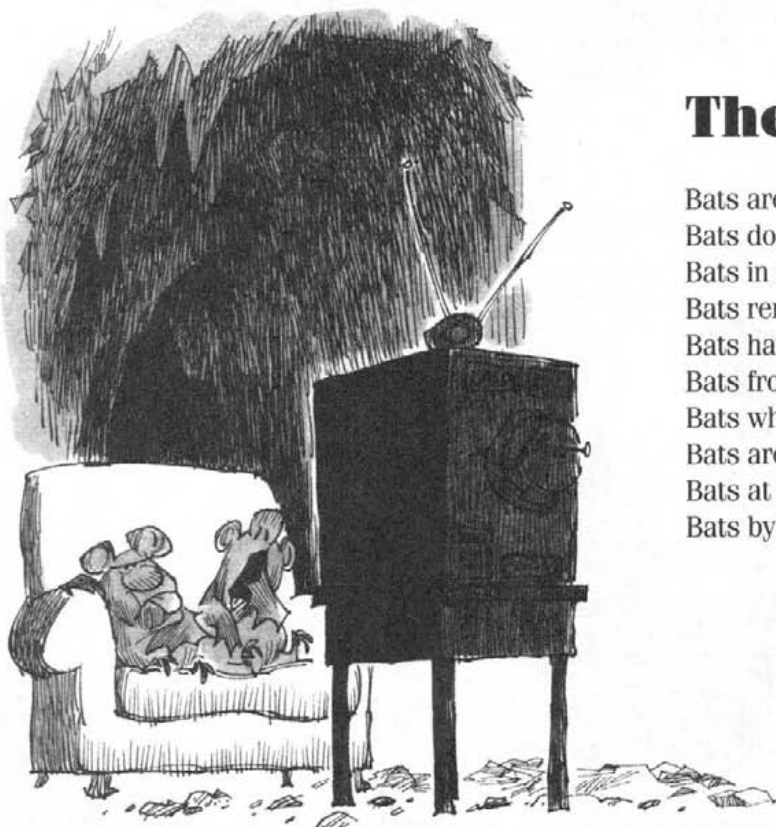
The Ostrich

Observe the silly ostriches
 Stick their heads in sand there;
 The stupid birds think lost riches
 Lie beneath the land there!
 But don't forget how strong they are,
 Obstinate and sullen;
 For if you say how wrong they are
 They will kick your skull in!



The Opossum

The possum's found
 Above the ground
 In forest, wood and dale;
 A branch or limb
 Is home to him
 And thereby hangs a tail.



The Bat

Bats are creepy; bats are scary;
 Bats do not seem sanitary;
 Bats in dismal caves keep cozy;
 Bats remind us of Lugosi;
 Bats have webby wings that fold up;
 Bats from ceilings hang down rolled up;
 Bats when flying undismayed are;
 Bats are careful; bats use radar;
 Bats at nighttime at their best are;
 Bats by Batman unimpressed are!

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The Skunk

Whenever there's
 A skunk with airs,
 We always seem
 To smell him;
 The fault's not his;
 The problem is
 His best friend will
 Not tell him!

The Zebra

The zebra says, with great delight,
His stripes are black, his coat is white;
Tomorrow he will take it back
And say his stripes are white on black;
Small wonder that we've come to doubt
The double-talk he's handing out;
In truth, he really is, of course,
A psychedelic mini-horse!



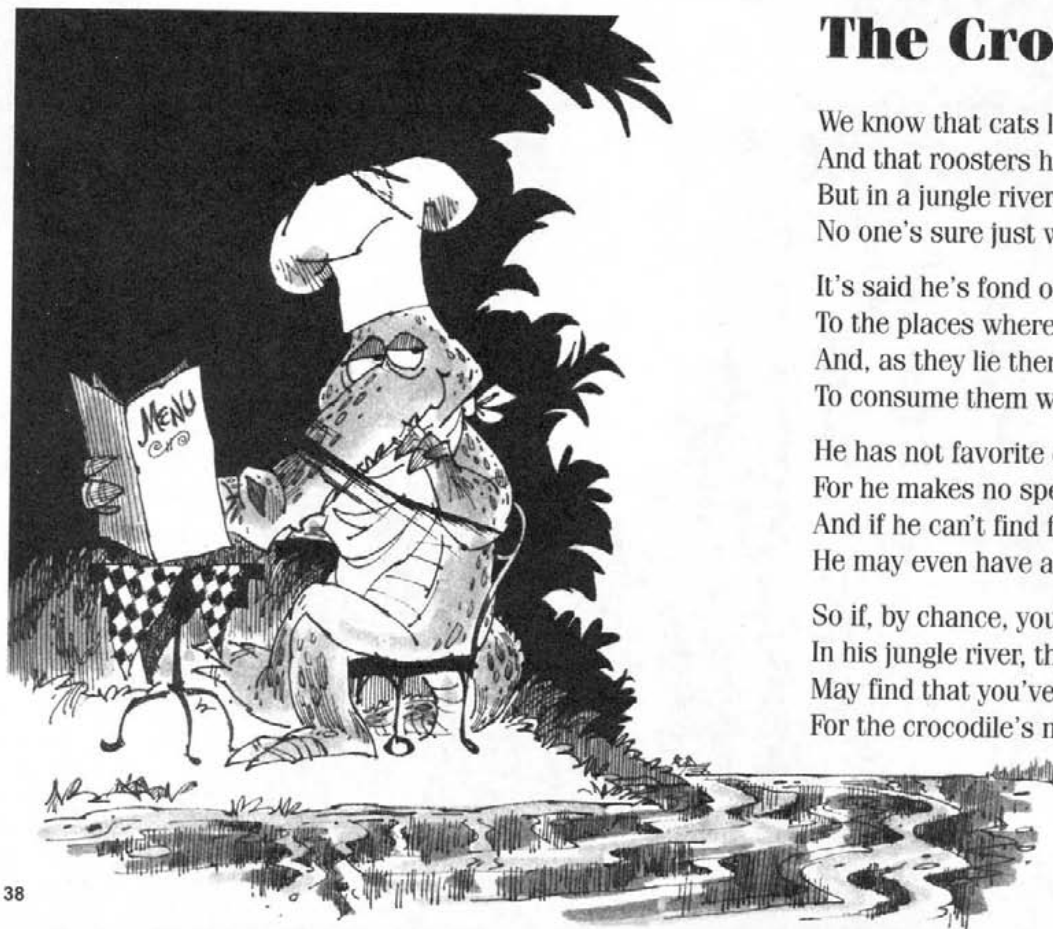
The Crocodile

We know that cats like liver
And that roosters holler "Cockle-doo!"
But in a jungle river,
No one's sure just what a croc'll do!

It's said he's fond of creeping
To the places where small fishes nap,
And, as they lie there sleeping,
To consume them with a vicious snap!

He has not favorite dishes
For he makes no special plan for lunch,
And if he can't find fishes
He may even have a man for lunch!

So if, by chance, you wind up
In his jungle river, then you, sir,
May find that you've been lined up
For the crocodile's menu, sir!





The Shrew

Unawed by gnus
Or caribous
Or elephants or camels,
The shrews are proud
To be endowed
As nature's smallest mammals;

Should shrews refuse
To stay in zoos,
It's wrong to hold them blameable
For if you've read
What Shakespeare said,
You'll know they're rarely tameable!



The Dolphin

Behold the ocean's gadabout—
The frisky, friendly dolphin;
His head displays a smiling snout;
His backside sports a tall fin;
Content to frolic in the sea,
He's never mean or warlike;
How happier our world would be
If dolphins we were more like!



*I'm afraid that's all for now, blokes! But don't despair!
I'll be back before Big Ben gets any bigger
with another installment of The Lost Pages of MAD!
Cheerio!*

THE
END